Harry to *Harry*, ſhall not Horſe to Horſe
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarſe:
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.
Ver. There is more newes,
I learned in *Worceſter*, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteene dayes.
Dowg. Thats the worſt tydings, that I heare of yet.
Wor. I by my fayth that beares a frosty ſound.
Hot. What may the Kings whole battell reach vnto?
Ver. To thirtie thouſand.
Hot. Fortie let it be.
My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The powers of vs, may ſerue ſo great a day.
Come, let vs take a Muſter ſpeedily,
Doomes day is neere, die all, die merrily.
Dowg Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falſtalffe and Bardol.

Fal. Bardol, get thee before to *Couentry*, fill mee a bottle of Sacke, our Souldiers ſhall march through; Weele to *Sutton-cop-hill* to night.
Bar. Will you giue me money Captaine?
Falſ. Lay out, lay out.
Bar. This bottle makes an Angell.
Falſ. And it doe take it for thy labour, and if it make twentie, take them all, I'le anſwere the coynage; bid my Lieutenant *Peto* meet me at Townes end.
Bar. I will Captaine: farewell. *Exit.*
Falſ. If I be aſhamed of my Souldiers, I am a ſowſt Gurnet; I haue miſuſed the Kings preſſe damnably. I haue got in exchange of 150. Souldiers, 300, and odde pounds. I preſſe me none but good Houſholders, Yeomens ſonnes, inquire me out contracted Batchelers, ſuch as had ben askt twice on the Banes; ſuch a commoditie of warme ſlaues, as had as leiue heare the Diuell as a Drumme, ſuch as feare the report of a Caliuer, worſe then a ſtrook-foole, or a hurt Wild-ducke: I preſt me none but ſuch Toſts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger then Pins heads, and they haue bought out their ſeruices: and now, my whole

whole charge conſiſtes of An
Gentlemen of Companies, Sl
painted Cloath where the Glut
ſuch as indeed were neuer Soul
uingmen, yonger Sonnes to yo
and Oſtlers trade-ſaine, the Ca
peace, times more diſhonourab
cient: and ſuch haue I to fill
bought out their ſeruices, that
hundred and fiftie tottered Pr
keeping, from eating draffe an
on the way, and tould mee I h
preſt the dead bodies. No ey
ile not march through *Couentry*
the villaines march wide betwe
on, for indeed, I had the moſt
a ſhirt and a halfe in all my co
Napkins tackt togeather, and
Hearalds coate without ſleeue
ſtolne from mine Hoſt of *S.*
of *Daintry*: but that's all one, th
uery Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and

Prin. How now blowne Iac
Fal. What *Hal*? How now
in *Warwick ſhire*? My good L.
thought your honour had alre
Weſt. Fayth, *Sir Iohn*, t'is n
and you too; but my powers a
tell you, lookes for vs all; we
Fal. Tut, neuer feare tell me
Creame.
Prin. I thinke to ſteale Cre
ready made thee butter: but
theſe that come after?
Fal. Mine *Hal*, mine.
Prin. I did neuer ſee ſuch p
Fal. Tut, tut, good enough

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV, Part 1* (STC 22285) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C